

GREAT NEW ADVENTURE OF CAPTAIN SWOOP STARTS INSIDE!

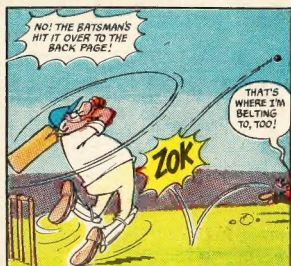
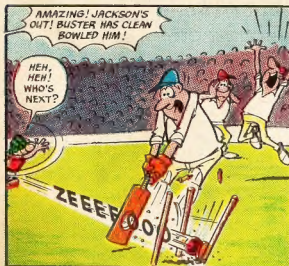
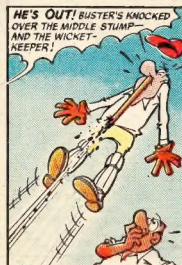
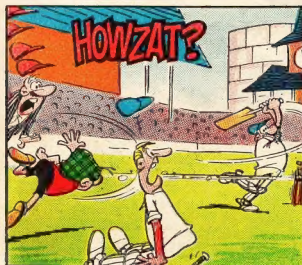
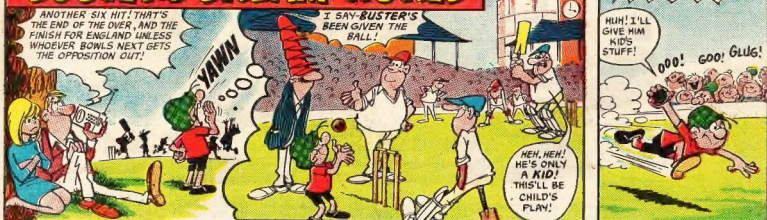
BUSTER ^{7d}

EVERY MONDAY and Giggle

8th JUNE, 1968

Australia 10 cents; New Zealand 10 cents; South Africa 10 cents; Rhodesia 1/-; East Africa 1.00 cents; West Africa 1/-; Malta 9d; Canada 15 cents; Malaysia 40 cents; Denmark Kr. 1.85; Deutschland Dm. 55; España Pes. 10.0; Nederland Fl. 45; Norge Kr. 1.25; Portugal Esc. 5.0; Suomi Fm. 40; Sverige Kr. 75; Italia L. 120.

BUSTER'S DREAM-WORLD



A PERILOUS SITUATION FOR THE TRAPPED SPACE-CREATURE... ARMED FORCES WERE MOVING IN!

GALAXUS

THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE

A space-creature known as Galaxus had been marooned on Earth, and although he meant no harm to anyone he was being hunted throughout Japan. After becoming magnetised by a nuclear beam, Galaxus fell down a cliff near a large shipbuilding yard. Instantly, he was buried under a mountain of loose metal objects, while his only friends—two English boys named Jim and Danny Jones—looked on...

LOOK, JIM!
POLICE CARS!
SOMEONE MUST
HAVE SEEN THE
WHOLE
INCIDENT...

BUT WHILE
GALAXUS IS TRAPPED
AND UNCONSCIOUS,
WE CAN'T DO A THING
TO HELP HIM!



MINUTES LATER, A HELICOPTER WHIRLED OVER THE
SENSELESS SPACE-CREATURE...

X-1 TO CONTROL!
MONSTER TRAPPED!
SUGGEST IMMEDIATE
ATTACK IS
LAUNCHED...

MESSAGE
UNDERSTOOD!
MILITARY NOW
MOVING
IN...

SOON, TWO TANKS RUMBLING INTO SIGHT FROM THE
DIRECTION OF THE CITY...

DANNY,
THEY'RE GOING
TO SHELL THAT
MOUNTAIN OF
METAL! GALAXUS
WON'T STAND
A CHANCE!

WE MUST DO SOMETHING—WE
MUST! OH, IF ONLY
THAT MAGNETISM WOULD WEAR OFF...

MAGNETISM? OF COURSE,
THAT'S IT! WHY ON EARTH
DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE?
COME ON, DANNY...

W-WHAT
ARE YOU
GOING TO
DO...?

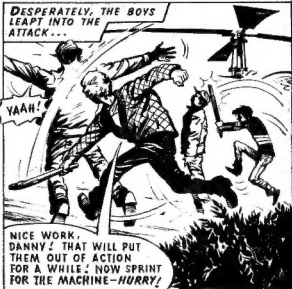
UNSEEN, JIM AND DANNY
DODGED BEHIND A LOW HEDGE...

I'LL EXPLAIN IN A
MINUTE... BUT FIRST,
I WANT TO BORROW THAT
HELICOPTER!

DESPERATELY, THE BOYS
LEAPT INTO THE
ATTACK...

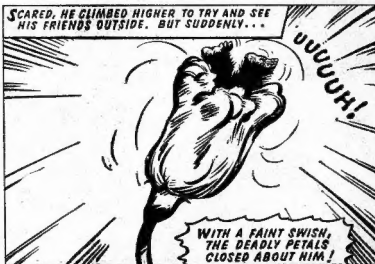
YAAH!

NICE WORK,
DANNY! THAT WILL PUT
THEM OUT OF ACTION
FOR A WHILE! NOW SPRINT
FOR THE MACHINE—HURRY!





BADLY FRIGHTENED, GALAXUS STOOD UP... AND A FLOOD OF MOLTEN METAL HISSED DOWN THE SLOPE...

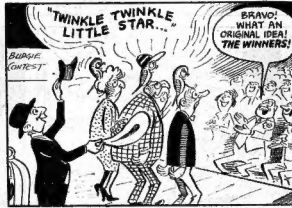
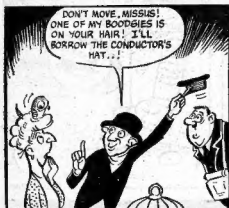
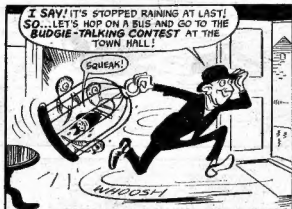


WHAT FATE AWAITS GALAXUS IN THE CLUTCHES OF THIS STRANGE PLANT? SEE THE NEXT ISSUE!

FREDDIE'S HAT-TRICK CAPS EVERYTHING FOR LAUGHS! HE'S WAY AHEAD!



FREDDIE "Parrot-face" DAVIES



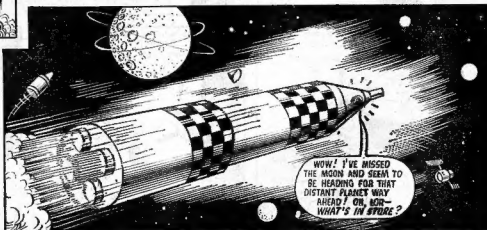
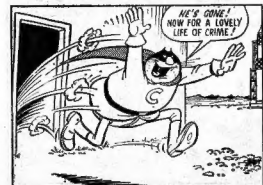
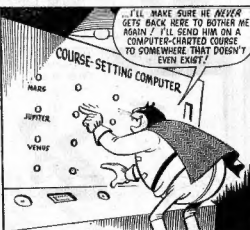
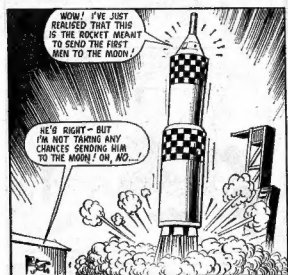
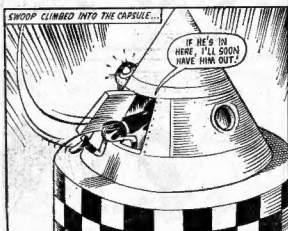
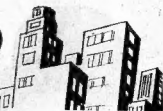
MORE FUN WITH FREDDIE AND HIS BUDGIES IN THE NEXT EDITION — ON SALE 10th JUNE!

SWOOP'S LOCKED IN A SPACE CAPSULE! IT PROVES A BITTER PILL TO HIM!



CAPTAIN SWOOP

HE'S HALF MAN, HALF BIRD, HALF WIT



WILL SWOOP BE SEEING STARS . . . IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE? FIND OUT IN THE NEXT "BUSTER and GIGGLE" !

BUSTER'S BIRTHDAY CLUB

MY ADDRESS:
BUSTER'S BIRTHDAY
CLUB,
1-2 BEAR ALLEY,
FARRINGTON ST.,
LONDON, EC4 (Comp.)



Hello, Chums . . .

WHITSUN holidays . . . yippee! Don't disappear behind those clouds, sun, because there's a whole lot of us who want to have our first dip of the year in the sea! I'm all ready for the beach . . . swimming costume, towel, bucket, spade, shrimping net, frogman flippers, the lot, so cheerio until I surface again next week . . . **SPLASH!**

Buster

MATES OF OURS



Meet Martin Prestage of West Bromwich. Martin likes playing football and cricket, entering competitions and watching television.

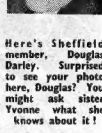


David Joslin hails from Bradwell-on-Sea. He says living so close to the North Sea is a great help in his hobby of bird-watching.

From York, here's smiling Kenneth Jones. Kenneth enjoys swimming, reading, and is a great model motor-racing fan.



This is Wayne Turley, from Bournemouth. Wayne is 13 years old, and spends his spare time making models cars and reading **BUSTER**.



Here's Sheffield member, Douglas Darley. Surprised to see your photo here, Douglas? You might ask sister Yvonne what she knows about it!



MORE WINNERS

HERE are the ten winners of our RHYMING PAIRS competition! These members each receive the Sports Prize of their choice: **Karen Harding**, London, S.W.16; **Lee Hurst**, London, E.3; **Phillip Lee**, Ashton-under-Lyne; **David Lyall**, Kirtlemuir; **Anthony Melling**, Wigan; **Sarah Morley**, Bristol; **Stephen Saunders**, Arnold; **Steven Whitt**, London, N.W.4; **Michael Wilson**, Accrington; **Paul Wormull**, Romford. Well done, my hearties! Keep your eyes open for more competitions in the weeks to come!

A Seashore Shock!

COUNTRY member, Declan Clarke, writes: "Mum, Dad and I were on holiday, and on the beach we noticed some boys digging a hole in the sand. Dad bought me an ice-cream cone and I went over to the hole to watch. The sun was shining very strongly and I closed my eyes for a moment. When I went to lick my ice-cream there was nothing there! Mum was laughing. 'Your ice-cream is down the hole,' she said. I looked, and sure enough, it had slipped off and was at the bottom of the hole, all covered with sand! Anyway, Dad bought me a new one!"

10th October, 1960
27th March, 1959
15th June, 1958
30th April, 1961
3rd August, 1957
24th November, 1966

Look Sharp, Members . . .

Check These Birth Dates!

Hi, sporters, it's birth date time again! This week there are prizes waiting for all members who joined my Club by Monday, 27th May, and who can see their dates—exact day, month and year, of course—in the list above. If that includes YOU, start making your choice from this list of awards: **Fountain Pen, Model Vintage Car Kit, Pocket Knife, Disguise Outfit, Writing Folder.**

All that remains then is to solve this easy puzzle. Just tell me how many:

**Days in a Leap Year; Cards in a pack;
Buns in a baker's dozen; Legs on a centipede.**

Do you know? Write your answers neatly on a postcard, with your full name, address, date of birth—and remember to say which prize you'd like! Mark the card "BIRTH DATE GAME" in the top left corner and post to reach the Club by Thursday, 13th June—or 26th September if you live overseas.

Don't forget, you cannot receive a Birth Date Award if you have already won one previously. Birth dates are sometimes repeated for the benefit of newcomers to the Club. If you haven't won yet, and your birth date isn't above, keep watching! There will be more dates next week, and more chances for you to win!



★ MY ADDRESS: Buster's Birthday Club, 1-2 Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.) ★

HEY, PALS!



My popular fun-paper is selling out faster every week! So avoid disappointment, and place a regular order for

BUSTER
and Giggles 7

ALL FREE

OVER 150
STAMPS PLUS
THE FAMOUS
PENNY BLACK
& CAPE TRIANGULAR FACSIMILES

The 1940 British "Penny Black" is valued £25 used, and the 1953 Cape of Good Hope is £17 mint. Few collectors can afford the originals of these rare British Empire classics: the world's first postage and first triangular stamps. We will send you exact colour facsimiles of these two famous rarities **ABSOLUTELY FREE**, plus a special imported collection of 150 ALL DIFFERENT world stamps, all genuine and catalogued over 30/- Just ask to see our new Special Approvals. (Please tell your parents.)

UNIVERSAL STAMP COMPANY (Dept. 86)
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FREE! 30 ZOO STAMPS

A really successful Stamp Safari—you'll bag many exciting animals! As shown, plus tiger, antelope, crocodile, etc. Just ask to see the famous Sterling Square Deal Approval selection, no obligation, send 4s. stamp for post. Hurry! Tell your parents and write today for your Free 30 Zoo.

STERLING Dept 86/
Lancing
STAMP SERVICE Sussex

FISHBOY DUCKED AND DODGED DESPERATELY TO AVOID THE FLASHING KNIFE BLADE!

FISHBOY

Denizen of the Deep

Stranded on a desert island as a child and forced to get his food from the sea, Fishboy developed slightly webbed hands and feet and learned to breathe underwater as easily as a fish. After discovering that his parents might still be alive and living in England, he set off to find them. Reaching the Mediterranean, Fishboy met a friendly dolphin—and after a violent undersea eruption, the two companions made a startling discovery...



ANGERED BY THE ATTACK, FISHBOY TURNED AND BURGLED TO HIS DOLPHIN FRIEND IN THE STRANGE, UNDERSEA LANGUAGE NO OTHER HUMAN COULD UNDERSTAND...



THE DIVER SLUMPED... AND FISHBOY BREATHED A SIGH OF RELIEF...



BUT ALL AT ONCE...



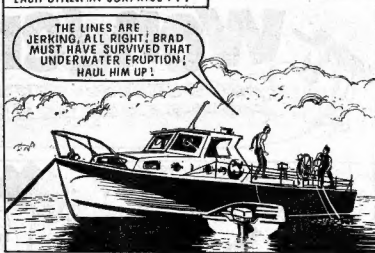
NOT REALISING THEY WERE THE DIVER'S LIFELINES, FISHBOY STRUGGLED DESPERATELY...



MINUTES LATER, FISHBOY AND THE DIVER CAME TO THE SURFACE...



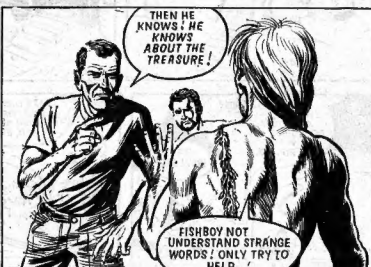
ON THE SURFACE ABOVE, TWO MEN IN A BOAT STARED AT EACH OTHER IN SURPRISE...



BEFORE FISHBOY COULD DO ANYTHING, HE WAS HAULED ROUGHLY ON BOARD...



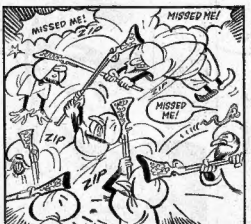
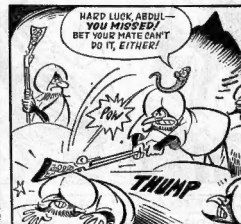
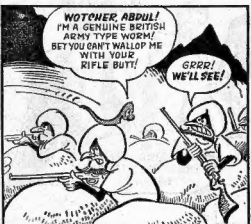
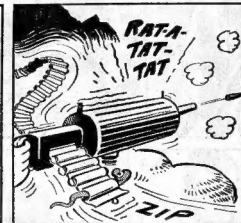
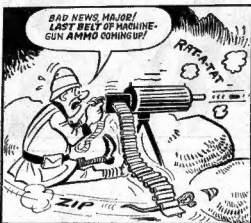
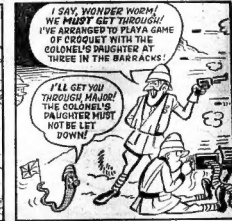
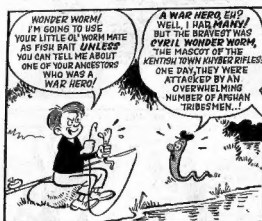
SUDDENLY, THE DAZED DIVER STIRRED...



IS FISHBOY DOOMED? YOU MUST NOT MISS THE DRAMATIC CONTINUATION IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

SOME INDIAN TRIBESMEN GET THE BULLET—ALTHOUGH ONLY CYRIL WONDER WORM IS FIRED!

Wonder Worm



A WOODEN HORSE HELPS TO KEEP THE FUN AT FULL GALLOP IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF "BUSTER and GIGGLE"!

SOME TANNERS SPILT A SURE SIGN OF TROUBLE FOR THE ARCH-ROGUE!

The ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES of Charlie Peace



Victorian master-thief Charlie Peace had been tricked into entering a time-machine and was instantly transported to modern London. Although unfamiliar with the new sights, the notorious crook ventured forth from his East End hide-out to pick some pockets...



A NICE SUNNY DAY... SHOULD BE PLENTY OF PEOPLE ABOUT!



AT A NEARBY HIGH SCHOOL, STUDENTS HAD BEEN QUARRELLING FOR A WHOLE WEEK WITH THE SCHOOL AUTHORITIES...

THE TIME'S RIFE TO MAKE PEACE, CLASSMATES! SCRAP THESE POSTERS AND PAINT SOME NEW ONES!

DOWN WITH THE HEAD

SACK THE STAFF

BOO TO ALL TANKS

OKAY, WIFE! WE'LL GET CRACKING!

SO IT WAS THAT CHARLIE BEHELD A SIGHT WHICH HE IMMEDIATELY MISUNDERSTOOD...



WE'RE OUT FOR PEACE!

PEACE AT ALL COSTS!

WE DEMAND PEACE!

WE WANT PEACE WE WANT!



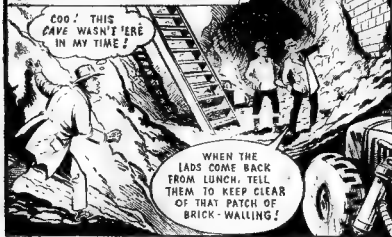
WOW! THERE MUST BE A REWARD OUT FOR ME! I THOUGHT THAT WAS FINISHED, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO!



I'LL HIDE DOWN 'ERE TILL THEY'VE GONE PAST!

EXCAVATIONS FOR NEW UNDERGROUND RAILWAY

UNDER THE BUSY SHOPPING-STREET...



COO! THIS CAVE WASN'T 'ERE IN MY TIME!

WHEN THE LADS COME BACK FROM LUNCH, TELL THEM TO KEEP CLEAR OF THAT PATCH OF BRICK-WALLING!

THEN THE SURVEYOR'S PARTING WORDS MADE CHARLIE THINK HARD...



IT'S THE BASEMENT-WALL OF A LARGE STORE IN THE STREET ABOVE! WE DON'T WANT TO BREAK INTO IT, DO WE? HA, HA!

OHO!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

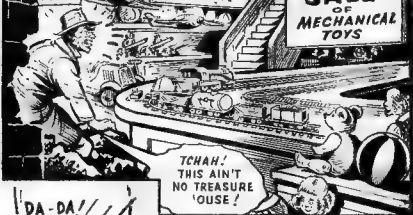
LEFT ALL ALONE, PEACE GOT TO WORK...



BEYOND WAS A BASEMENT, ALL RIGHT, BUT...

BARGAIN BASEMENT

SALE OF MECHANICAL TOYS



NEXT MOMENT, ALL WAS CONFUSION...



EVEN AS HE RETREATED, THE BEWILDERED CROOK ACCIDENTALLY PRESSED AGAINST SOME SWITCHES...





THRILLS . . . EXCITEMENT . . . SUSPENSE! THE NEXT CHARLIE PEACE STORY HAS EVERYTHING!



NUTTY SLACK

The GENTLE GRAPPLER

In America, Nutty Slack's prowess as a wrestler earned him the job as stuntman in a Hollywood jungle film. In one scene he had to fight a man dressed as a gorilla, but some rival stuntmen put a real gorilla in the actor's place. After a chase, Nutty found himself inside a studio which housed a Roman arena...

THE HEFTY FILM STAR, WHOM NUTTY HAD COLLECTED ON THE WAY, HOWLED FOR PROTECTION...



GRAAA-OWWGH!

MY HERO! SAVE MEEEE!

GIVE ME A HAND, BLOKES! SHE'S BAD ENOUGH, BUT THAT GORILLA'S A REAL ONE!

BY CHANCE, ONE OF THE HASTILY DISCARDED WEAPONS FOUND ITS MARK ON NUTTY...



POING!

YOWEEEEGH!

HE'S HURLED HIMSELF AT THE GORILLA! OH, WHAT AUDACITY! WHAT COURAGE!



THE GORILLA PROMPTLY OBLIGED!

CRAASH! REEEEEEGH!

UUUUU! THAT HASN'T DONE THE ARTIFICIAL WALL ANY GOOD!



NUTTY WAS RIGHT...

KRRR-AAAK!

AAAGH! THE IMPACT HAS WEAKENED THE SUPPORTS OF THE ROYAL BOX!

LEMME OUT! WOMEN, CHILDREN, AND JULIUS CAESAR FIRST!

IT WAS ENOUGH FOR THE OTHER ACTORS, WHO WERE PLAYING THE PART OF GLADIATORS...



HEY, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? WE AIN'T FINISHED THE SCENE YET!

WE HAVE!

THIS PLASTIC SWORD WOULDN'T STOP A BUGGIE, LET ALONE A GORILLA!



THE FILM EPIC CAMERA-TEAM STILL THOUGHT THE ACTION WAS ALL PART OF THE ACT...

OW-WOW!

THIS IS SENSATIONAL! COME AND SEE THE UNKNOWN ROMAN SLAVE SAVE THE DEFENCELESS MAID FROM THE RAMPAGE BEAST!

GIVE US MORE...GO-GO-GO, BUDDY!

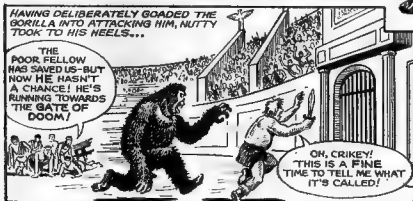
IT WAS TOO LATE, HOWEVER, FOR NEXT MOMENT...



OWWWW!

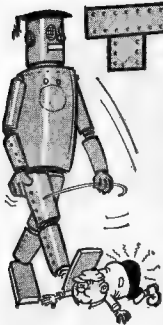
GNNNNNN!

EEEEEEK!



ON THE FACE OF IT, NUTTY'S STATEMENT IS HARD TO BELIEVE! READ ON IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

WHEN IT COMES TO SWORD FENCING, TIN TEACHER CAN FOIL ANYONE!



TIN

TEACHER

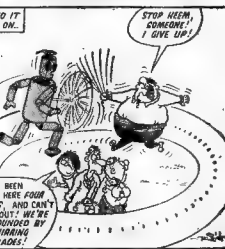
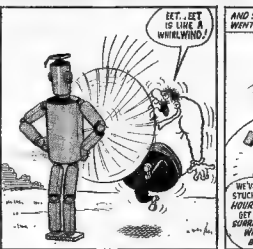
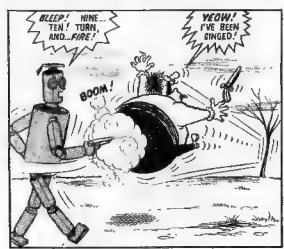
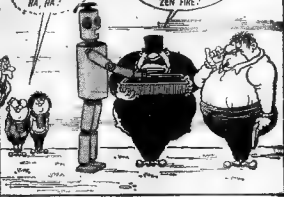
IN PARIS, TIN TEACHER HAD BEEN CHALLENGED TO A DUEL BY AN ANGRY FRENCH SCHOOL TEACHER... WHO WAS AN ACE PISTOL SHOT AND SWORDSMAN...

THERE'S THE FRENCH YOUR CHANCE TO FIGHT FOR THE HONOR OF OUR DEAR OLD SCHOOL! YUK, YUK!



ONE WELL-PLACED BULLET SHOULD GUM UP HIS WORKS! GOODBYE, T-T!

PICK YOUR PISTOLS, MUMMERS... ZEN TURN BACK TO BACK, AND WALK TEN PACES! ZEN FIRE!



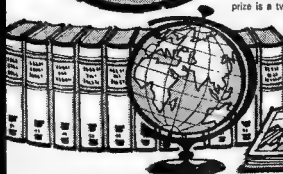
THE BOYS JUST CAN'T BOTTLE UP THEIR RAGE WHEN ON A VISIT TO A WINE FACTORY IN THE NEXT NUMBER!



JOIN THE OVALTINERS GREAT BALLOON RACE!

1000 PRIZES TO BE WON!

Here's the greatest, most exciting competition yet—The Ovaltiners' Great Balloon Race—easy to enter and lots of fun and excitement. All you have to do is send a label from a tin of Ovaltine and a postal order for 1/- to: The Ovaltiners' Great Balloon Race, 99 Park Lane, London, W.1. All balloons will be released on Sunday, July 7th from Blenheim Palace near Woodstock, Oxfordshire on the A34, during the Pam Horton Water Ski Spectacular, presented by Ovaltine, which starts at 3.30 p.m. Ovaltiners admitted at the reduced price of 1/6d on proof of membership. Come and see the show and see your balloon released! Balloons which travel furthest will win one of the one thousand fabulous prizes for their owners. First prize is a twelve-volume Children's Britannica, worth more than £50. Second prize is a ten-volume Children's Encyclopedia. Third prize is a super World Atlas, 200 runners up will receive globes of the world and nearly 800 others will win coloured atlases. This competition is open only to members of the Ovaltiners' Club. If you are not a member, join today—then you can take part in the Great Balloon Race.



Special Message to Ovaltiners Club Members from the President

Dear Ovaltiner,
For each friend you make a member of the Ovaltiners Club I will enter for of the Ovaltiners Club in the Ovaltiners' you an extra balloon in the Ovaltiners' Great Balloon Race.
If you get five new members you will therefore have a total of six balloons in the Race—one you enter and five free ones from me. This will give you six chances to win one of the one thousand super prizes.
Use the entry form in this comic for your friends. If you get more than two, print the same details on plain paper. Each new entry must be accompanied by a wrapper from a tin of Ovaltine and a postal order for 2/6d. MAKE SURE YOUR OWN NAME AND ADDRESS IS PRINTED ON YOUR FRIENDS ENTRY FORM.
I wish you all good luck in the Ovaltiners' Great Balloon Race.
Yours sincerely,
The President.

Entry form for THE OVALTINERS GREAT BALLOON RACE

Name _____
Address _____

(Please write in CAPITAL letters) BUS/8

I enclose a wrapper from a tin of Ovaltine and a postal order for 1/- . Will you please enter a balloon for me in the Ovaltiners' Great Balloon Race to be held on July 7th. I understand the decisions of the judges will be final and that you will notify all winners by post not later than August 31st, 1968. I am a member of the Ovaltiners Club. Applications to enter this competition

should be sent to The Ovaltiners' Great Balloon Race, 99 Park Lane, London, W.1. Entries must be received by Monday, June 24th. Balloons will be released on July 7th and acceptance of returned balloons will cease on July 31st. The full list of winners will be available for inspection at 99 Park Lane by August 31st.

ENTRY FORM FOR NEW MEMBERS

My friend has invited me to join the Ovaltiners Club. I enclose an Ovaltine label and 2/6d. postal order made out to the Ovaltiners Club. (Please write in CAPITAL letters)

First Name _____
Surname _____
Address _____

Date of Birth _____

My friend has invited me to join the Ovaltiners Club. I enclose an Ovaltine label and 2/6d. postal order made out to the Ovaltiners Club. (Please write in CAPITAL letters)

First Name _____
Surname _____
Address _____

Date of Birth _____

I also wish to enter the Ovaltiners' Great Balloon Race and I enclose a further 1/-.

I also wish to enter the Ovaltiners' Great Balloon Race and I enclose a further 1/-.

To the President of the Ovaltiners Club

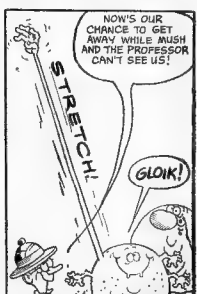
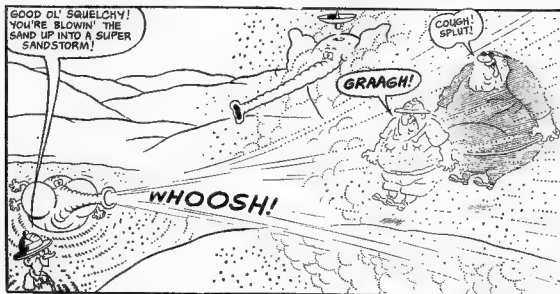
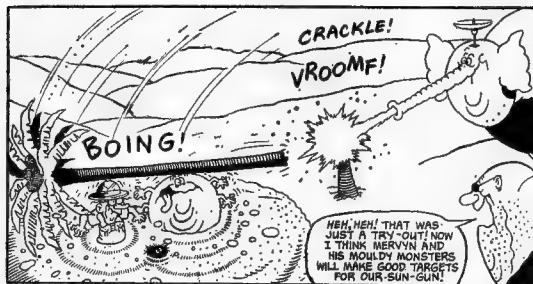
I enclose details of _____ new members to the Ovaltiners Club. Would you please enter _____ free balloons for me in the Ovaltiners' Great Balloon Race. I am a member of the Ovaltiners Club. My name and address is,

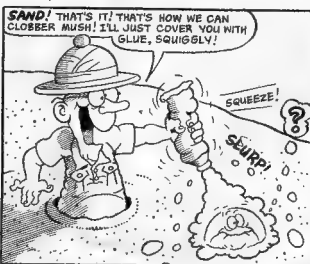
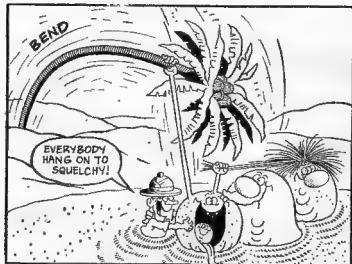
Name _____
Address _____

BUS/8

MERVYN'S MONSTERS

Mervyn of M.U.M. (Mervyn's Undercover Monsters), was sent to the Sahara Desert to find out what villainy Mush of C.R.U.S.H. (Crafty Rascals' Union of Saboteurs and Hoodlums), was planning. Unfortunately, Mervyn and his monster pals were soon trapped...





WHAT IS MERVYN'S CRAFTY SCHEME? FIND OUT IN THE NEXT EDITION... ON SALE 10th JUNE!

FROM OUT OF THE TREE IT SPRANG—A SAVAGE JUNGLE BEAST!



MICKY MARVEL'S MULTI-GUN



Micky Marvel was the guardian of the Multi-Gun, a wonderful toy which he alone could change into a real weapon by uttering certain key words. In the Amazon, the Marvels' old enemy, Dr. Zinn, attacked a native village with monsters which he had hatched from giant prehistoric eggs. When the fleeing villagers mistakenly vented their rage on the Marvels, Micky rendered them helpless with a laughing-gas bomb—but the noise attracted a vicious jaguar ...



DAD, THAT JAGUAR! THE HEADMAN IS SO HELPLESS WITH LAUGHTER HE HASN'T EVEN NOTICED IT!



IT WAS MICKY WHO FIRST SPOTTED THE FEARSOME, CROUCHING BEAST...

HA, HA, HA! NO, NO, NO!



THEN...

RUU-AAGH!

LOOK OUT... JUMP FOR YOUR LIFE!

UHH?

...EVEN AS THE JAGUAR SPRANG, MICKY SHOUTED INTO THE LOUD-PEAKER OF THE MULTI-GUN!



THE HEADMAN REACTED INSTINCTIVELY TO MICKY'S EAR-SPLITTING CRY... BUT NOT QUICKLY ENOUGH!

AHH!

THUUUUUMP!



AMANDO IS DAZED AND HELPLESS... HAW... AND THE BEAST PREPARES TO SPRING AGAIN!

OUR LEADER IS DOOMED! HA, HA, HEE!



QUICK, MICKY... TRY AND FORGET THE THING OFF! GIVE IT A BURST WITH THE MULTI-GUN!

I CAN'T, DAD! THE MAGAZINE OF THE AUTOMATIC RIFLE IS EMPTY...

FROM THE TOY SPACE-SHIP PACKED WITH FRESH AMMUNITION WHICH HAD BEEN SENT BY SPELLMAN, THE MYSTERIOUS MAKER OF THE MULTI-GUN, MICKY SNATCHED A TINY CARTRIDGE!

BUT MAYBE THIS WILL DO THE TRICK—A FRESH BATTERY CELL FOR THE ELECTRO-ARM!



LOADING THE BATTERY INTO THE AMAZING TOY, MICKY YELLED THE MAGIC KEY WORDS...

A.F.S.—AVENGER FROM SPACE!



IT'S NOW OR NEVER, MICKY!

RAAWW!

A POWERFUL RAY FROM THE MULTI-GUN STOPPED THE ROARING JAGUAR!

NEXT INSTANT...



BY NOW, THE EFFECTS OF THE LAUGHING GAS HAD WORN OFF! AMANCIO AND HIS MEN WERE VISIBLY BEMUSED...



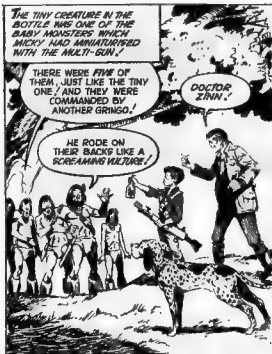
THE LEADER OF THE RIVER-DWELLERS SHOOK HIS HEAD DAZEDLY...



AMANCIO POINTED TOWARDS THE MARVELS' AQUA-BUS...



CONTINUED OVERLEAF...



THE TINY CREATURE IN THE BOTTLE WAS ONE OF THE BAD MONSTERS WHICH MICKY HAD ANNIHILATED WITH THE MULTI-GUN!

THERE WERE FIVE OF THEM... JUST LIKE THE TINY ONE! AND THEY WERE COMMANDED BY ANOTHER GRIMSO!

DOCTOR ZINN!

HE RODE ON THEIR BACKS LIKE A SCREAMING VULTURE!



THAT SETTLES IT, MICKY! THE FIEND MUST HAVE HATCHED OUT THE OTHER EGGS!

COME ON, AMANCIO! WE'RE GOING TO TAKE A TRIP BACK TO YOUR VILLAGE!

HI-NO! NOT THAT! IT IS A PIECE OF DOOM AND EVIL NOW!



SOMEHOW, DOCTOR MARVEL PERSUADED THE HEADMAN TO BOARD THE AQUA-BUS...

YOU WANT REVENGE FOR WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HOUSE, DON'T YOU? IF THIS MAN ISN'T STOPPED, HE COULD PLUNGE THE WHOLE AMAZON BASIN INTO A NIGHTMARE OF DESTRUCTION!

YES... YOUR VILLAGE MAY BE ONLY THE FIRST TO SUFFER!



MICKY AND HIS FATHER SOON SAW THAT AMANCIO HAD NOT EXAGGERATED...

CRKEY! THERE ISN'T A HOUSE LEFT STANDING! ZINN MUST HAVE USED THIS VILLAGE AS A SORT OF TRIAL ONSLAUGHT!

MY FIRST MISTAKE, MICKY! THE TRIMCES OF THE MONSTERS MUST BE ALL OVER THE PLACE!



ADRIAN MARVEL WAS RIGHT!

YES... LOOK AT THIS! THE TALON MARKS OF A BABY PTERODACTYL!

AND THIS LOOKS LIKE THAT PLASTER-CAST OF A TRICERATOPS WE'VE GOT AT SCHOOL, DAD! THEY SHOULD BE EASY ENOUGH TO FOLLOW!



A WILD CRY OF FEAR BURST FROM AMANCIO...

FOLLOW THEM? THEN YOU GO TO YOUR DOOM! OUT THERE IS THE LAND OF THE JAVIRO INDIANS - THE HEAD-MENSTRUERS! THEY WILL SHOW YOU NO MERCY!



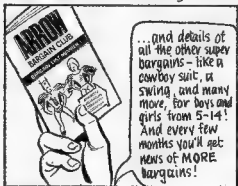
THAT'S IF THE JAVIRO ARE STILL AROUND AMANCIO! DOCTOR ZINN AND HIS MONSTERS MAY HAVE FRIGHTENED THEM OFF!

...BUT ADRIAN MARVEL COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE WRONG!

THE MARVELS' PRESENCE IS KNOWN! WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW? READ ON IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

ADVENTURES OF THE ARROW BARGAIN HUNTER

HE GETS A £6-9-6 RADIO FOR ONLY £4-10-6



It's so easy to join! Just fill in the form below - and send it off!

To: THE ARROW BARGAIN CLUB
17 New Burlington St., London, W.1
I enclose 10 1d Arrow bar wrappers and a 2/6 crossed postal order.

NAME JOHN JAMES GREEN
ADDRESS 72 Limes Road, White
DATE OF BIRTH _____

Please send me my Arrow Club Card, and details of all the exciting Arrow Bargain Club offers.



How to join the Arrow Bargain Club

1. Write your name and address on the form shown below.
 2. Get ten 1d Arrow bar wrappers and a 2/6 crossed postal order.
 3. Post them off to the address shown below.
- Don't waste time! Fill in the coupon now!

NOTE TO PARENTS: We realise, of course, that most children will not have enough pocket money to take up the Arrow special offers immediately. But we would like to point out that a saving of 25% on a range of carefully selected items is well worth your consideration.

1d Arrow sweets come in 11 fantastic flavours: Creamy, Banana Split, Liquorice, Treacle Toffee, Nougat Split, Fruit Salad, Pineapple, Spearmint, Strawberry, Blackcurrant and Orange.



**To: THE ARROW BARGAIN CLUB,
17 New Burlington St., London, W.1**
I enclose ten 1d Arrow bar wrappers and a 2/6 crossed postal order (annual subscription).

NAME _____ BLOCK CAPITALS
ADDRESS _____

DATE OF BIRTH _____

Please send me my Arrow Badge, Club Card, and details of all the exciting Arrow Bargain Club offers.

Applicable to UK only.





Simon Starr and his inventor pal, "Brainbox" Cox, had built a compact aeroplane and entered it for a London to Cape Town air race. Soon after the start, a door dropped off their plane and their maps were blown away. Then they ran into bad weather...

The SKID KIDS



RAIN, HAIL, AND GALE FORCE WINDS POUNDED THE PLANE...



IT'S NO GOOD—WE'LL HAVE TO TURN BACK!

THAT'S JUST WHAT I AM DOING, PAL! WE CAN'T GO ON WITHOUT MAPS OR PART OF THE FUSELAGE!

THERE WAS NO AIRFIELD NEAR THE COAST, SO...



I BET LANDING ON A MAIN ROAD IS AGAINST THE LAW! WE'LL PROBABLY GET PINCHED FOR PARKING, OR SOMETHING!

THERE'S NO-ONE ABOUT! IT'S SAFE ENOUGH!

AFTER TAKING ALONG THE ROAD FOR A WHILE THEY CAME TO A GARAGE...



CRICKET! HOW MANY GALLONS DO YOU WANT IN THAT, MATE?

WE DON'T WANT PETROL...IT'S MAPS WE WANT TO BUY! FRANCE AND ITALY IF YOU'VE GOT THEM!

AND...ER... SOMETHING TO MAKE A NEW DOOR!

HERE ARE THE MAPS! BUT I AIN'T GOT NO SHEET METAL THOUGH, CHUM...ONLY A FEW OLD WOODEN CRATES OUT IN THE BACK!



I'LL HAVE A LOOK...THEY'LL DO, I EXPECT!

SIMON SPENT SOME TIME STUDYING THE MAPS BEFORE HE JOINED HIS PAL...



COME ON, BRAINBOX...WE'D BETTER MOVE ON!

JUST FINISHING, SIMON!

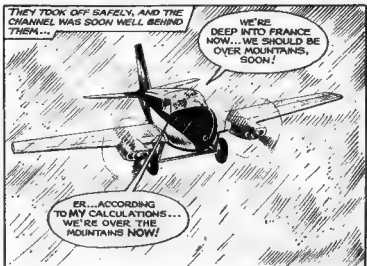
SURE ENOUGH, THE REPAIRS WERE SOON COMPLETED...



HA, HA! THAT MAKES IT LOOK REALLY GOOD—I DON'T THINK!

WELL, IT IS A HOME-MADE JOB! YOU CAN'T EXPECT IT TO HAVE THE GLOSSY FINISH OF A TRANS-ATLANTIC JET!

THEY TOOK OFF SAFELY, AND THE CHANNEL WAS SOON WELL BEHIND THEM...



WE'RE DEEP INTO FRANCE NOW...WE SHOULD BE OVER MOUNTAINS, SOON!

ER...ACCORDING TO MY CALCULATIONS... WE'RE OVER THE MOUNTAINS NOW!

THE RAIN AND CLOUD
SUDDENLY DISPERSED...



FORTUNATELY, DISASTER WAS AVERTED...



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...



YOU HAVE ALREADY LOST TIME
ON YOUR RIVALS, MY FRIENDS! ALL
THE OTHERS ARE WELL ON THEIR
WAY TO THE NEXT STOP...



IT IS THE ENGLISH
ROAST BEEF! YOU
WILL LIKE THAT,
YES?



...SO WE'LL JUST MAKE A FEW SANDWICHES
AND EAT THEM ON THE WAY!



THE CHUMS FLEW STEADILY
ON THROUGH THE NIGHT...



AT DAWN...



AND THEN...



CAN SIMON AVOID THE UNMANNED AIRCRAFT? MORE THRILLS IN THE NEXT EDITION!

SEND IN A JOKE TODAY—AND YOU MAY WIN ONE OF THE STAR PRIZES SHOWN BELOW!

BUSTER Giggles

**STAR PRIZES
TO BE WON
EVERY WEEK!**



MODEL AIRCRAFT KIT

GIANT
JIGSAW
PUZZLE



PAINTING-BY-
NUMBERS SET



CHARM
BRACELET



WALLET
OF BALL-
POINT PENS

Send your joke on a postcard to:

"BUSTER Giggles"
FLEETWAY HOUSE,
FARRINGTON ST.,
LONDON, E.C.4.

A PRIZE WILL BE AWARDED TO
THE SENDER OF EACH OF THE
EIGHT JOKES PUBLISHED.

(When similar jokes are received, the
first one to be judged will be awarded
the prize.)

**MY THREE FAVOURITE
FEATURES ARE:**

- 1.....
- 2.....
- 3.....

If I win, the gift I choose is:.....

PLEASE FILL IN THE COUPON
ABOVE AND PASTE IT TO
YOUR POSTCARD.



From
J. Leary,
Sheffield



From
A. Ashmore,
Co. Carlow.



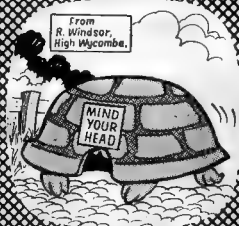
From
K. Blake,
Polebrook



From
J. Harrison,
Carville



From
S. Wiltsher,
Folkestone



From
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From
A.T. Davies,
Birmingham



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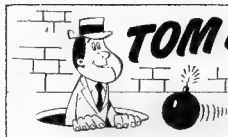
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Enquiries
from U.K.
readers
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Royal Navy



TOM ARTO SPECIAL AGENT

The Dancing Soldiers.

SURPRISE weapons are a great asset in war: the country which produces something different to astonish the enemy is the side most likely to succeed.

It is all very well soldiers dashing round shooting off rifles, but one gets used to that kind of thing and learns to duck, or don a bullet-proof vest.

Frantik and Dopeland had been at war for many centuries and all kinds of new weapons had been tried out during that time. The war had commenced with the usual caveman-type clubs and worked upwards through the years to bows and arrows and concrete yo-yos on elastic, but no invention had yet managed to finish off the never-ending feud.

A few hundred years after the war had first broken out, Isaac Newton had discovered gravity. Dopeland tried to get hold of some, but Newton refused to sell them any. He handed over an apple as a clue, but a hungry Dopeland official ate it on his way home.

And so the war had carried on for hundreds of years, and it became clear if it carried on much longer, someone was going to get hurt.

New inventions were tried out every week,



but there was always some effective defence devised.

It was a great pity that the war had ever started, as the cause for the trouble was so simple. Frantik manufactured ice skates and Dopeland made the ice upon which to use them. A dispute had arisen when Frantik accused Dopeland of putting too much water in the ice. This charge had been denied, and then Frantik declared that

Dopeland was exporting ice that was far too cold and giving the skaters chilblains.

The chiefs of each country had met in conference to settle the question, and things had come to a head when one Dopeland delegate dropped a piece of the ice down the back of the Frantik Prime Minister's neck, at the same time asking him if he thought it was too cold.

The Prime Minister said it was, and so the delegate had apologised and poured some hot water after the ice to take the chill off. This had caused the Prime Minister to really let off steam. He clocked his rival and, naturally, war had resulted.

One day a woman was out shopping, when suddenly a man shot past her ear. He was stretched out in a horizontal position five feet from the ground. He struck a wall and there was a deafening explosion, causing the wall to collapse.

The woman did not attach much importance to this, knowing that some people had funny ideas of amusement. Turning a corner, however, two more men whizzed passed her nose and crashed into the Public Library.

There were two more explosions, and the woman was hit on the back of her neck by a flying dictionary, opened at "H" for headache.

She realised that something was going on, and rushed to the Prime Minister, who was on his hands and knees beside the pond in the park reflecting on his reflection. He had given up looking into mirrors—his appearance only shattered them.

It was discovered that the enemy were responsible for the flying soldiers. The explosives were fixed into the men's hats and the poor chaps were then fired from a big gun. Upon striking their objective they went off in the same manner as an ordinary shell.

When asked if they liked it, the soldiers had said "no", because usually they were fired a great distance, and by the time they arrived they were tired out.

The Prime Minister retaliated by fixing chewing gum on to the soldiers' heads and firing them back again, so that the men got stuck into everybody they came across in their own country.

Then the news went round that a hand-to-hand battle was planned.

But on the day of battle, the most amazing thing of all happened.

The men dashed from their barracks all right, they contacted the enemy all right, the referee blew his whistle all right; but instead of fighting, the men commenced to dance!

Round and round they went, full of rhythm, so that the enemy were able to finish them off with one hand and write home to mother with the other!

The Frantik Government were frantic! It was causing the men to dance! A war was

nothing to dance about, and yet each time they went into battle they danced!

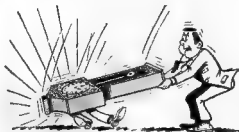
There was no longer any hesitation. Tom Arto was summoned. When he heard the details, he asked to be put into the barracks with the men.

The following day, Tom watched what he thought should have been a battle but was more like a rock 'n' roll rave up.

His quick eye noticed that two of the soldiers did not dance a step. He realised that these were spies, and that here was the solution to the mystery.

That night, Tom managed to retire to bed early, but remained awake. As he expected, he soon heard stealthy movements—and in the dim light he saw the two spies moving from bed to bed.

HE CLOCKED HIS RIVAL



Two hours later he slipped out and called upon the Prime Minister.

"Where do you keep the clean laundry?" Tom asked.

"In the coal house," replied the Prime Minister. "Why?"

"Issue clean clothes to the men at once," said Tom. "Tomorrow you will shock the enemy and the war will end."

"My—you do sound confident," stated the Prime Minister.

"That's strange—I should sound English!" said Tom. "Because that's what I am."

"I mean you're sure your plan will work?" "Sure! Sure I'm sure, sir!"

It was done.

Next day, the Dopeland army was bashed to pieces. There was no dancing. Dopeland surrendered.

"What was the cause?" asked the Prime Minister later. "Why did my men dance during previous battles?"

"Those spies did it," replied Tom.

"Did what?"

"Sprinkled itching powder on the men's shirts!"

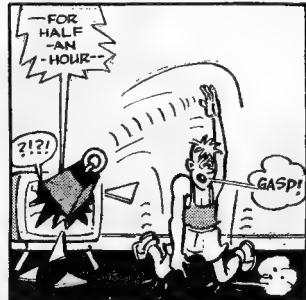
"Well, what do you know?" sighed the Prime Minister.

"I've already told you," said Tom. "And that's the end of it!"

It was, too—thanks to the super special agent.

(More fun with Tom Arto in the next issue of "Buster and Giggie"! It will be on sale Monday, 10th June.)

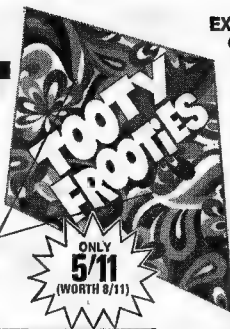
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COMPLETE WITH 200FT. OF TWINE

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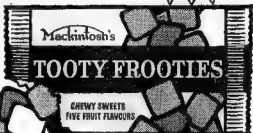


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A TRUCE WITH DEATH

British and German soldiers fighting shoulder to shoulder against the common foe!

CLEAR FOR ACTION

On the hell-run to Russia, everyone must work together or perish.

MACEY'S MOB

The veterans faced the hardest fight of their lives to regain their self-respect.

THE UNFORGOTTEN

By the law of averages, the crew of 'P for Peter' should be dead.



BATTLE

picture library

A Fleetway Library special

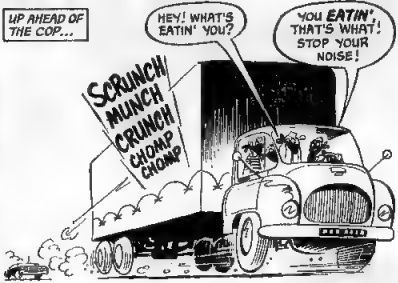
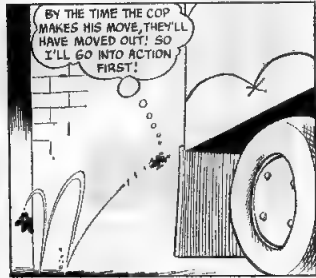
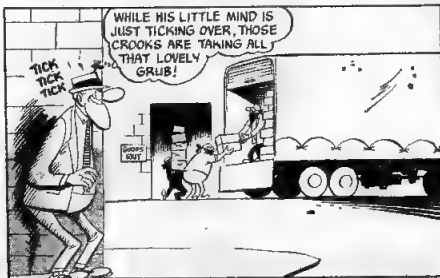
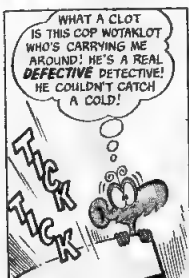
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CRUNCHER

THE TINY TERMITE WITH THE BIG APPETITE





IT CERTAINLY LOOKED LIKE THE END FOR PATCH-EYE HOOKER, WILL BARBER, AND ALL THOSE ABOARD TOBIAS FLAGON'S AMAZING AIRSHIP WHEN THEY FLEW INTO THE SIDE OF A SOUTH AMERICAN MOUNTAIN WHILE HUNTING FOR A LOST CITY AND A RIVAL PIRATE NAMED PEG-LEG PALMER.

FORTUNATELY, PATCH-EYE REFUSED TO PANIC...

**PAY
ATTENTION, YOU SWABS!
I'VE NO WISH TO DIE
A LANDLUBBER, SO
SHIFT ALL THE WEIGHT
YOU CAN TO THE PORT
'SIDE!'**

B-BUT I
FEAR *NOTHING*
WILL SAVE US NOW,
CAPTAIN!

BAH! NO SHIP THAT I
SKIPPER WILL FOUNDER ON
ANY ROCKS, TOBIAS FLAGON!
TEND TO THE INJURED HELMS
MAN WHILE I SAVE THE
REST OF THE CREW!

AND BELLOWING ORDERS AS IF HE'D BEEN AT SEA, PATCH-EYE SAVED THE MEN IF NOT THE SHIP...

HOORAY!
THE ANCHORS
ARE HOLDING,
CAP'N!

OVER THE SIDES
WITH ROPES, YOU
SWABS! SECURE THE
GROUNDED AIRSHIP
AND STOP IT
DRIFTING!

ON BEHALF OF US ALL I WOULD
LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR
EFFORTS, CAPTAIN! YOU
MASTERED THE SITUATION
WELL!

FLATTERY WILL GET YOU
NOWHERE, YOU OLD FOOL!
SO HELP ME, I'LL STILL MAKE
YOU WALK THE PLANK IF
I EVER SEE THE SEA
AGAIN!

SUDDENLY..

**CAPTAIN! I CAN
SEE THE SEA!**

BY THE HELM—
SO IT IS!

**BUT TO REACH
IT, WE MUST GET OFF
THIS MOUNTAIN AND
THEN TREK THROUGH
THAT FEVER-RIDDEN
FOREST!**

HEAR THAT, FLAGON? NOW DO YOU SEE WHERE YOUR CRAZY IDEAS HAVE LANDED US?

IF WE CUT PLATFORMS
FROM THE DECK AND SLING
THEM UNDER THE GASBAGS
THE WIND WILL CARRY US
OFF THIS MOUNTAIN AND
OVER THE FOREST TO
THE SEA!

PATCH-EYE WAS SO ANXIOUS TO REACH THE SEA THAT HE AGREED...

MAYBE—BUT THE WIND HAS CHANGED—AND SO WILL OUR LUCK, CAPTAIN! YOU CAN BE BY YOUR BELOVED OCEAN WITHIN AN HOUR!

WOE BETIDE YOU,
TOBIAS FLAGON, IF EVEN
ONE MAN PERISHES
BECAUSE OF THIS FOLLY!

**CONTINUED
OVERLEAF-**

THE CLANG OF STEEL RANG OUT AS DEADLY ENEMIES MET IN COMBAT!



AND WITHIN AN HOUR THE AMAZING AIR ARMADA BEGAN...

FOR ONE WHOSE LIFE HANGS IN THE BALANCE, YOU DO NOT SEEM PERTURBED, TOBIAS!

I AM AN ASTROLOGER AS WELL AS AN INVENTOR, YOUNG WILL! I KNOW THE SIGNS! FORTUNE WILL FAVOUR US FROM NOW ON, I ASSURE YOU!

HOW RIGHT TOBIAS'S PREDICTION WAS TO PROVE...

LOOK YONDER TO THE BEACH, CAP'N! A PARTY OF MEN! THEY MUST BE FROM THAT SHIP!

AYE! PASS ME YOUR SPY-GLASS, TOBIAS!

TOBIAS FLAGON... ALL IS FORGIVEN! YONDER IS MY OLD ENEMY PEG-LEG PALMER! HE'S ABOUT TO LOAD HIS TREASURE FROM THE LOST CITY! THIS WILL SAVE US LOOKING FOR IT! HEH, HEH!

AVAST THERE, YE ONE-LEGGED BILGE RAT! PREPARE TO MEET YOUR DOOM!

BLISTERIN' BULWARKS! PATCH-EYE HOOKER!

DON'T JUST STAND THERE! GET THAT TREASURE ABOARD! WE'LL BE SAILING SOON WITH IT!

OVER MY DEAD BODY, YE WILL!

IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT, PALMER... THAT'S THE WAY IT'LL BE!

ONLY ONE OF US WILL LEAVE THIS BEACH ALIVE, HOOKER!

THE TWO MEN FOUGHT FURIOUSLY FOR SOME MINUTES, UNTIL...

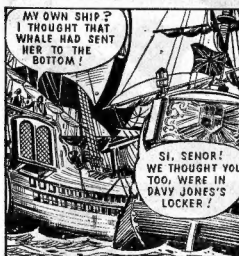
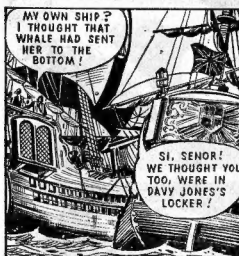
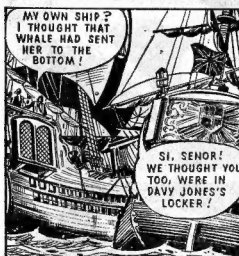
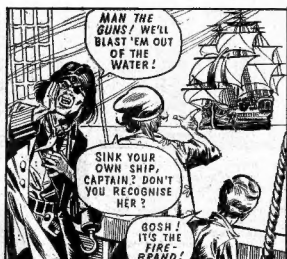
MERCY! SPARE ME, PATCH-EYE!

MERCY? YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THE WORD MEANS!

BUT SPARE HIM HE DID...

COME BACK! YOU CAN'T LEAVE US STRANDED WITHOUT A SHIP!

YOU'LL FIND ONE, SOME TWENTY MILES INLAND ATOP A MOUNTAIN, PALMER! YOU CAN HAVE IT WITH MASTER FLAGON'S COMPLIMENTS! HEH, HEH!



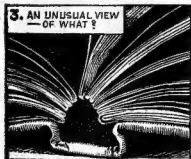
INTRODUCE ALL YOUR PALS TO "BUSTER and GIGGLE"—THEY'LL THANK YOU!



1. NAME THE ANIMAL!



2. WHAT COUNTRY IS THIS?



3. AN UNUSUAL VIEW — OF WHAT?

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

SOLUTIONS BELOW



4. DO THESE GROW IN THE GROUND OR ON TREES?



5. ARE THEY QUINS, QUADS OR TRIPLETS?



6. A FAMOUS AMERICAN PRESIDENT. WHO?

CHECK YOUR ANSWERS HERE.

1. Beaver. 2. Switzerland. 3. A book. 4. In the ground. 5. Quads. 6. Abraham Lincoln.

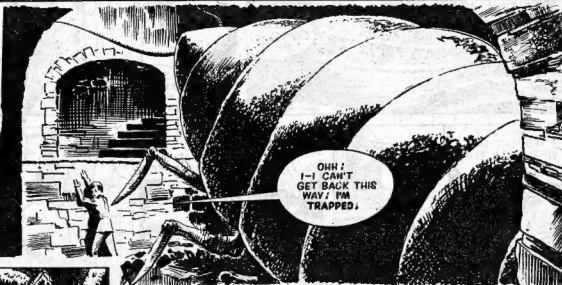
THERE WILL BE ANOTHER CHANCE TO TEST YOUR SKILL SOON, PALS!

PEGGY'S LAST HOPES FADED . . . SHE WAS TRAPPED BETWEEN TWO GIANT INSECTS !

PERIL FROM BELOW

Dick Rivers and girl pilot Peggy Penfold were helping to fight giant insects which had emerged from the depths as the result of oil drilling operations. While Dick was out with an army patrol trying to locate the queen monster, Peggy ventured into the vaults under Dick's castle headquarters and surprisingly found herself in the queen's lair . . .

PEGGY MADE A DESPERATE BID TO CLIMB BEYOND THE MONSTER'S REACH - BUT IN VAIN !



OH! I- I CAN'T GET BACK THIS WAY! I'M TRAPPED.

SUDDENLY, HOPE SURGED THROUGH HER AS SHE SAW AN OPENING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE VAULT . . .



IT MUST LEAD SOMEWHERE... AND IT'S TOO SMALL TO ALLOW THIS QUEEN TO FOLLOW ME BECAUSE SHE IS MUCH BIGGER THAN THE OTHERS!

BUT, AS SHE REACHED IT . . .



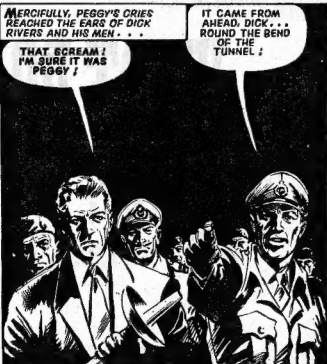
ANOTHER OF THEM... CARRYING FOOD FOR THE QUEEN!

ALL CHANCE OF ESCAPE GONE, SHE BACKED AWAY AND THE GIANT INSECTS CLOSED IN ON HER!



NO! NO! AAAARGHH...

MERCIFULLY, PEGGY'S CRIES REACHED THE EARS OF DICK RIVERS AND HIS MEN . . .



THAT SCREAM! I'M SURE IT WAS PEGGY!

IT CAME FROM AHEAD, DICK... ROUND THE BEND OF THE TUNNEL!



RACING FORWARD, DICK DIVED INTO THE VAULT, JUST AS GRIPPING CLAWS REACHED FOR PEGGY PENFOLD...

DICK—OH, DICK!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, PEGGY! I'VE GOT THE BRUTE!

THE QUEEN WOOD LOUSE SHRIVELLED AND PERISHED UNDER THE DEADLY BEAM OF ULTRA-VIOLET LIGHT...

FOLLOW ME, MEN! WE'VE FOUND THE QUEEN'S NEST!

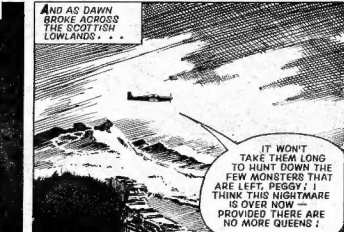
LOOK OUT! THERE'S ANOTHER ONE OF THEM!



ALL RIGHT, DICK! LEAVE US TO DEAL WITH THESE EGGS! YOU TWO HAVE DONE MORE THAN YOUR SHARE!

OKAY, BRIGADIER! I GUESS I'D BETTER REPORT BACK TO LONDON!

I—I'VE RECOVERED NOW, DICK! I'LL FLY YOU THERE!



AND AS DAWN BROKE ACROSS THE SCOTTISH LOWLANDS...

IT WON'T TAKE THEM LONG TO HUNT DOWN THE FEW MONSTERS THAT ARE LEFT, PEGGY! I THINK THIS NIGHTMARE IS OVER NOW—PROVIDED THERE ARE NO MORE QUEENS!



TWO DAYS LATER, IN WHITEHALL, LONDON...

THE ARMY DESTROYED A DOZEN MORE OF THE BRUTES YESTERDAY, DOCTOR RIVERS! SINCE THEN, NO OTHER MONSTER ACTIVITY HAS BEEN REPORTED!

THEN THERE ARE NO MORE QUEENS... OR WE WOULD HAVE SEEN THEIR YOUNG BY NOW! I THINK WE CAN RELAX... AT LAST!



WE CAN THANK YOU FOR THAT, DOCTOR RIVERS! THE PEOPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN WILL NEVER REALISE WHAT THEY OWE TO YOU AND THE GALLANT MISS PENFOLD!

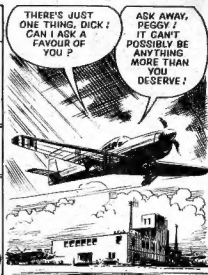
YES, YOU SAVED US ALL FROM DESTRUCTION!



AS THEY LEFT THE EMERGENCY H.Q. — SET UP TO DEAL WITH THE MENACE OF THE GIANT INSECTS—DICK RIVERS SMILED AT HIS FRIEND...

AND NOW THAT IT IS ALL OVER, PEGGY, HOW ABOUT GETTING ME BACK TO MY REAL JOB... OF DRILLING FOR OIL!

YOUR TRANSPORT IS READY AND WAITING!



THERE'S JUST ONE THING, DICK! CAN I ASK A FAVOUR OF YOU?

ASK AWAY, PEGGY! IT CAN'T POSSIBLY BE ANYTHING MORE THAN YOU DESERVE!



THE GIRL PILOT SMILED MISCHIEVOUSLY...

IT'S JUST THIS... PLEASE TELL THOSE OH, DRILLERS OF YOURS NOT TO BORE QUITE SO DEEP THIS TIME!

THE END

ORDER YOUR COPY OF "BUSTER and GIGGLE" IN ADVANCE—TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT!

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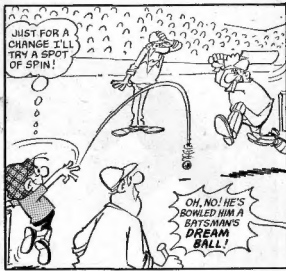
MY GOSH! WHAT A RUN!
HE'S CAUGHT IT! THAT'S
HIS HAT-TRICK!



ANOTHER
MAN CAME
IN...

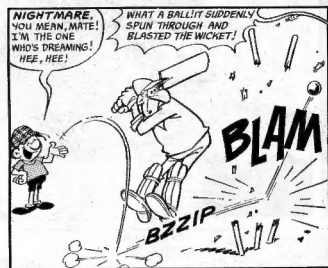
OH, DEAR! BUSTER SEEMS
TO HAVE LOST HIS SPEED!
HE'S AMBLING NEARLY
UP TO THE WICKET!

HE MEANS
WARILY!



JUST FOR A
CHANGE I'LL
TRY A SPOT
OF SPIN!

OH, NO! HE'S
BOWLED HIM A
BATS-MAN'S
DREAM
BALL!



NIGHTMARE,
YOU MEAN, MATE!
I'M THE ONE
WHO'S DREAMING!
HEE, HEE!

WHAT A BALL! IT SUDDENLY
SPUN THROUGH AND
BLASTED THE WICKET!

BLAM

BZZIP

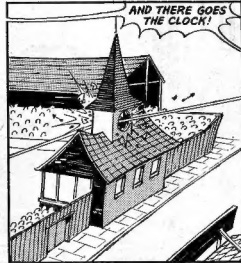


AS TIME
PASSED,
TENSION
MOUNTED...

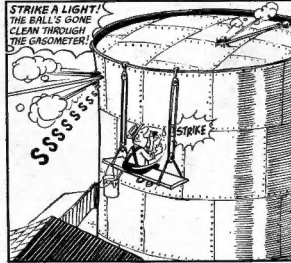
WITH ONE MORE WICKET TO FALL AND
ONLY ONE MINUTE TO GO, BUSTER
COMES IN WITH THE NEW BALL! CAN
HE BEAT THE BAT AND THE CLOCK?



WOW! THERE
GOES THE
WICKET!

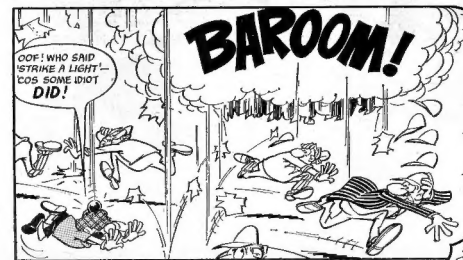


AND THERE GOES
THE CLOCK!



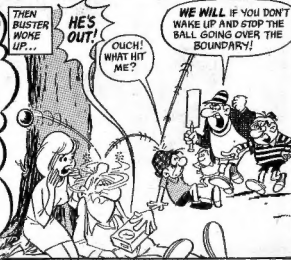
STRIKE A LIGHT!
THE BALL'S GONE
CLEAN THROUGH
THE GASOMETER!

STRIKE



BAROOM!

OOH! WHO SAID
'STRIKE A LIGHT'
'COS SOME IDIOT
DID!



THEN
BUSTER
WONE
UP...

HE'S
OUT!

OUCH!
WHAT HIT
ME?

WE WILL IF YOU DON'T
WAKE UP AND STOP THE
BALL GOING OVER THE
BOUNDARY!

ANOTHER DREAM TALE IN THE NEXT ISSUE... ON SALE MONDAY, 10th JUNE! DON'T MISS IT!